

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER CIRCULATING THROUGHOUT
ARTLAND, CHAUVIN, EDGERTON, RIBSTONE, MERTON, SIFTON, AND MANITOU LAKE

\$2.00 per year, in advance

ANNIVERSARY SERVICE
INGOX CHURCH, KIBSTONE

The annual congregational meeting of the Knox Church took place at the church on Monday evening Feb. 26th. A fair representation of the congregation was present.

Rev. Mitchelson opened the meeting by prayer and a hymn was sung, after which the proceedings were presided over by James F. Russell chairman of the board of managers.

The minutes of last meeting were read and on motion of Mrs. John McCagherty—Mrs. Russell were adopted as read.

The report of the Board of Managers was then read, which indicated that the church was in an efficient and prosperous condition. On motion of Mrs. Russell—James Allen report was accepted as read.

The report of the Ladies Aid was then submitted showing this institution to be a bee hive of industry, with no room for drones. With their energy and force of action, in two or three years the members will see the Knoz church free of debt.

Moved by Mrs. Heasman—Mrs. McCagherty that report be accepted. The report of the Sunday school was then read by the secretary, Mrs. Tom Young. This was a most satis-

factory report showing this part of the church work to be in a healthy condition. Supervised by Mrs. J. McCagherty, with Mrs. T. Young and Mrs. Olive Young as co-workers was doing a great work.

Moved Mrs. Heasman—Mrs. Dobson, that report be accepted *as read*.
The chairman then called for nominations for managers for the ensuing year. Moved by Mrs. Heasman—J. Allen that the retiring members [Mrs.

John McCagherty, Mrs. W. McCagherty, James F. Russell and John F. Hausman) be re-elected. Mrs. W. McCagherty declined to act. Mrs. Charles Tizzard and Mr. James Allen were then nominated and accepted the office. The chairman

The minutes of last preceding meeting were read, and Mrs Saul moved that same be adopted as read. Carried.

Rural High School Proposal: Letters were read from New Ribstone and Airlie school districts. These were not dealt with but left over until the Inspector could be heard from as to a suitable date for a meeting.

Secretary reported having received the government grant for last term.

On the motion of Mrs. Tizzard a vote of thanks was tendered to the minister, Mr. Mitchelson, for his very kind attentions to the sick during the

Fresh Cream And Milk DELIVERED DAILY O. Z. StPIERRE Chauvin Alberta

TOMATO CULTURE

BY A LOCAL GARDENER

The following article is written by a local gardener in this district, who has demonstrated by actual results that tomatoes can be successfully and profitably grown in Chauvin district. All theory has been omitted from this article and an effort is made

to give you all the essential information in the most simple language. By following these directions you will be able with a small expenditure for seed and some labour to raise your year's supply.—Editor.

The tomato is a native of South America and a very popular plant. It requires a long season of fairly high and uniform temperature and abundant sunlight in which to mature. It thrives best in a deep warm loamy soil which has been evenly manured.

Plant on a southerly slope, and protect from cold and boisterous winds by planting two or three rows of corn or sunflowers to form a wind-break.

Whether for early fruit to be grown under glass, or for plants to be grown in the open garden; the seeds must be sown in February or March, either in the house or in a hot-bed, if you would pick beautiful ripe fruit in July.

Seed of an early variety such as Empress, Chalks Jewel, or Jean Rose should be sown in a shallow pan, flower pots, or flats.

Where only a few plants are required a deep clear box answers the purpose. Cover the bottom with a layer of old well rotted manure, and fill up to within an inch of the top with a good sandy loam, which press firm and even.

Water sufficiently to wet the whole of the soil and allow to stand until all excess water has drained off, then sow the seed thin and even. Cover lightly with sandy loam, not more than a quarter of an inch, and press down, using a flat piece of wood for this purpose. Remove to a warm place in the house and cover with an old newspaper.

A temperature of 75 degrees during the day and about 60 degrees during the night should be maintained.

As soon as the seedlings appear, which will be from 8 to 12 days, give

Eat More Bread—Fisher's Bakery

and the light and air possible, avoiding draughts in doing so. As soon as the plants are large enough to handle (showing the leaves) they should be pricked off into boxes or three inch flower pots. Boxes for this purpose 18 inches long, 14 inches wide and 3 to 4 inches deep are best (known as flats). Empty peat crates will do with a little alteration of the bottom slats.

Prepare a good compost of three-quarter garden soil and one-quarter well rotted manure thoroughly pulverized and properly mixed. Place a layer of well rotted manure in the bottom and fill up with compost to within an inch of the top, press down firm and even with a flat piece of wood. Take a round stick 5 inches long and ½ inch in diameter with a blunt point at one end (called a dibble) with which make the holes in the soil two inches apart each way.

Dig up a few seedlings, select one, and with the finger and thumb of the left hand drop the root into the first hole. With the dibble press the soil gently, but firmly, around the root taking care not to bruise the stem in the process.

After the box has been filled with plants water thoroughly. Keep in a warm place and shade from light for a few days until the plants have taken hold of the new soil.

Water as the plants require, but not so as to keep the soil wet all the time, which would cause it to become sour and the plants would commence to damp off.

As the plants increase in size and become crowded, plant off into another box, allowing 4 inches each way. Transplanting two or three times is very beneficial as it increases the root system—resulting in larger and more vigorous plants.

Where a leaf is attached to the main stem a side shoot or lateral will make its appearance. These should be picked off close to the stem if it is desired to have ripe fruit. To grow sturdy robust plants, use manure sparingly and fertilizer not at all while the plants are in the boxes, but give all the light and air possible, with liberal waterings.

As soon as the weather permits move plants to a well sheltered place outside, where they can have plenty of sunshine and air, and be protected during the nights and cold days.

Keep the plants growing steadily until the second week in June, when most of them will be in bloom and some of them will have formed fruit. Danger of frost should now be past and it is time to set the plants out in the open.

Before removing the plants from the boxes give a good watering, and allow to stand until the water has soaked to the bottom. Then with a long sharp knife cut the soil in the centre between every two rows, and chowavise to the bottom of the box, so that each plant may be removed without dragging the roots.

The plants may be set out singly in rows three feet between the plants and four feet between the rows, or they may be set out in groups of four—one at each corner of a square of two feet sides. Set the plants a little deeper than they were growing in the boxes, press the soil firmly, care being taken to damage the roots as little as possible.

In the single rows place a stake three to six inches away from each plant for tying to. For those planted in a square place one stake to each plant inside of the square, leaning towards the center, and tie the four tops together.

Willow saplings about 5 feet long and 1 to 1½ inches diameter are very plentiful and make good cheap stakes.

When the weather is dry give each plant a good watering, roots only, and keep the rake and hoe going as much as possible to conserve moisture and keep down weeds. As the roots come close to the surface, shallow cultivation is best.

As soon as the flowers are open, if

the weather is calm, go over the plants daily about noon and give each plant a slight shake to distribute the pollen and ensure a good set of fruit.

After fruit is well set spread a mulch of manure round the plants, or a light dressing of nitrate of soda, after the fruit is well formed about an ounce to four plants. If you cannot get the nitrate, an occasional watering with liquid manure is just as satisfactory.

When the plants have reached a height of about three and a half feet, pinch out the top shoot which will check the growth and throw more strength into the fruit, helping Seeds started in a hot-bed require similar treatment to the foregoing, to ripen earlier.

A selfish individual who lives for himself alone is usually the only person in the world to mourn his demise.

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Dandy's Golden Star And Its Meaning

(Continued from front page)

and took out a bank book. "Look here," he said. "If she pays you fifteen dollars this time it will make three hundred dollars in the bank for you."

"A great deal of money she agreed, and I wouldn't have a cent of it unless you had put it away for me, Nora would have spent it."

"Here it is any time you want to use it. And the government will not mind it."

"I couldn't take that money," she said slowly. Danny isn't dead."

Graham stared blankly at his desk. "It's been over two years since his ship went down," he reminded her.

"But there were others got ashore and Danny was a brave and strong swimmer," she argued, her gray eyes brightening. "The papers said the boat was torpedoed close to the Irish Coast and the survivors got into Don gal Bay. I was born in Donegal, you know. There are little islands off the shore there where the devout ones would go to live alone with God in the old times. I've been over to one of them myself. He could easily reach land if others could. It was the heat in the boiler rooms where he worked and then the cold water. It made him hurt in his mind." Graham nodded silent encouragement.

"My Danny has lost himself," she continued. "He's trying to get back to me right now. I know it. Mr. Graham. When he was thirteen years old the deaf affected him and he forgot his name for two months. His father be-

fore him lost his name the same way but it came back to him."

He lit a fresh cigar and puffed at it thoughtfully. The story had been told him a thousand times since, in his friendship, he had felt it his duty to tell her that her boy's ship had been sent to the bottom of the Atlantic within sight of her own country. But his patience was immeasurable and, though he knew it would be better for her if she did not tie her hopes to such a slender thread, he did not the heart to argue against her. "Yes," he sighed. "There are many ships and missing. There is no telling."

Then the smiles came back to his face. "Lots of them will be showing up no telling how many of the married ones are only to glad to be lost."

Mrs. Conroy did not return his enthusiasm. "My Danny would be out of it," she said firmly. "Not so long as I lived to mourn him."

"He would not let me suffer, although his wife was mean enough to him and to his old mother who bore him," Two little red spots showed in her parchmentlike cheeks for a moment. A little spray of jet beads in her bonnet trembled.

"I'm no backslider," she said after a pause, "but if ever a woman failed as a wife, Nora Conroy has."

"Why don't you come and live with us?"

"If I did who would take care of the little place, the cow and the chickens and all? She wouldn't lift her hand except to tie a ribbon for herself, And then there's the Padraic."

"Oh, you could bring him along, Miss Conroy. He's a good dog and would have a grand time with the children."

"That he would, and myself in the bargain, but he's waiting for Danny to come back. He'd never leave the place. Sure, Mr. Graham, it's himself makes me feel that Danny is coming home. Never once has he grieved for the lad, but is trying to get his scent, and sometimes he looks puzzled as if my boy was somewhere close to us, wondering why he doesn't hurry up and come home."

"You think he smells Danny?" asked Graham wondering.

"I don't think anything, Mr. Graham," she replied. "I'm only telling you what I see with my own eyes. And when he goes on like that he'll come whining to me as if to ask me what's the matter."

"Maybe it's Danny's spirit."

"No," said Mrs. Conroy's living. "Thank God, he's living."

"Miss Lavinia Allen, a spinster well-advanced in years, tackled the Monday-morning mail, which was unusually heavy. Mr. Winkler from long experience knew how to command a certain degree of decorum in his crowded little office, a sharp rap with his knuckles on the edge of his little window generally being sufficient to bring a state of comparative quiet to glistening laughing boys and young women. But Miss Lavinia could not thus manage them and the noise nearly drove her frantic as she noticed the bundles of letters and sorted them, her mind all the time on the out-going mail which was only half ready for the yawning bag hung from a hook at the left of her table.

There were murmurs of complaint from commuters on their way to the city. The village faultfinder stuck his window in the window saw the confusion of the poor creature, sucked his teeth quite audibly and went away growling and shrugging his shoulders. He was a successful man, a self-made man and Miss Lavinia feared him. Her tired features became red with embarrassment, which increased to a point of panic when she began to hand the letters to the waiting ones and found that she had made many mistakes putting a letter of Virgie Hall in the mail box of Virginia Halley one for Farney Conly in the box of Mr. Connelly, the grocer, and so on.

At last she got them all out of the place, and with her drab hair wet with perspiration and her hands trem- bling like two autumn leaves, started

to tackle the outgoing mail.

"Anything for me today, Miss Allen?" Mrs. Conroy's little black bonnet showed in the window. The old lady's blue eyes were bright with eagerness, shining like twin stars. Behind her a great shaggy dog, his heavy black pelt streaked with brown at saddle and brislet, barked long and loudly, startling Miss Lavinia.

"Could you keep him quiet, ma'am?" asked the postmistress. "My nerves are going to pieces."

Mrs. Conroy reached down and patted her dumb friend as Miss Lavinia went through the general delivery letters.

"There's nothing, Mrs. Conroy," she said.

As Martha started to turn from the window Padric, gof his forepaws to the ledge and barked furiously. Miss Lavinia with tears in her eyes lifted her hands in protest and begged his mistress to take him away.

"Would you mind going through the general delivery letters again?" Martha asked timidly. "I don't know what makes Padric carry on this way. He never barks unless he wants to tell me something. Never, He's such a good dog. Danny trained him from a puppy."

"Yes, yes," She hurriedly through the letters again. "There is nothing for you."

"How long will Mr. Winkler be gone?" The old lady was loath to depart and, try as she could, she could not get Padraic to be quiet. His long, deeply feathered tail wagged violently as he looked first to her and then to the worried women on the other side of the window.

"I don't know," replied Miss Lavinia. "He's had to leave in a hurry last night. His mother has had a bad spell. She returned to her cluttered table. Instead of hurrying back to her little

farmhouse to tackle the heavy day's work before her, Martha remained on the porch of the post-office building in the sunshine, Padraic crouched at her feet, whining from time to time and looking up to her with feverishly bright yellow eyes.

"I don't know what to make of him she thought. "He never followed me before unless I told him to. It's a message from Danny he's trying to give me."

Across the tracks she could see the new gilt star shining brightly in the sunshine.

Doctor Ward, the well-beloved of the county, got out of his automobile and emptied his letter box. "I'm going up your way, Mother Conroy," he hailed "Jump in. It will save you a good mile and a half. Padric will follow."

She hesitated, but the lift was a great temptation and she got into the car. Padric ran ahead and her mind came to ease.

"One of your neighbors was stricken last night," the physician informed her. "Peter Conly, I warned him that the farm was to big for him. But he said he couldn't afford to pay the wages now. It's his second stroke of paralysis, and I'll be mighty lucky if I pull him through."

"And he a poor bachelor!" exclaimed Martha. "He might die there alone."

"I've ordered the hospital ambulance to meet me at his place, and Mr. Winkler's boy is going to look out for the stock or him while he's gone."

He stopped the machine at a little lane leading to her cottage and, with a smile in acknowledgment of her thanks, left her with the panting and subdued Padraic.

Although the new gold star at the station officially marked the beginning (Continued on page five)

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Editorial Comment

Quality of production is the foundation of success in agriculture as it is in all other enterprises. Unless the goods are right and fill the demand of the public they must sell at a discount and loss to the producer. On the other hand, the superior article creates such a demand that it commands the best price on the market against all others.

The judges who officiated at the Chauvin seed fair and poultry show, Robert Wilson and F. H. Newcombe, were certainly fully alive to this and kept this viewpoint in their mind in a practical manner whilst judging. They were quick to realize the good points and keen to discern faults, not being at all disposed to award any prize simply because the exhibitor

had gone to some trouble to bring in that exhibit. This quality of sternness is highly commendable. It is infinitely preferable to hear the truth of the matter than to proceed on a "happy-go-lucky" method which will inevitably end in dissatisfaction and loss.

We had hoped to see a larger number of exhibits at the fair, for most assuredly there were many other persons who had excellent products well worthy of representation at the fair. There is too much indulgence in that frame of mind. "It's not worth the trouble" and in the fear that "I won't set a prize anyway." And later we hear this class or person stating with all the assurance in the world that "I have better stuff than at home."

The fair was without doubt a suc-

cess, and the society should be just about able to break even in the matter of expenses. The important factors being that the sale and exchange of good seed and poultry stock was facilitated as could be done by no other method. At the same time the judges made no slight contribution toward the success of the fair by the ready manner in which they answered all inquiries addressed to them. The fair was a success, if for no other reason than it afforded opportunity for any one who wished to learn to get the information they required.

We were reminded the other day whilst listening in to the radio that March 1st was St. David's day—so we say the Welshman's Burn's Night. We listened with interest to an address which was delivered in Edmonton, and gained an insight into the national pride of the Welsh.

In his district we are already well accustomed to observing the celebrations of St. Andrews (though on Burn's Night) and of St. Patrick's and of St. John. Why should not the English and the Welsh observe their St. George and St. David's day?

We are in complete accord with those who maintain that we should ever bear in mind that we are Canadians all the time. Never for one moment should we forget this. Rather let us ever remember that the splendid traditions of the French, Irish, Welsh, Scotch and English together form the most excellent foundation upon which to build the greatness of Canadian character and history.

These celebrations are not to be regarded as narrow self-centred and sectional, but rather as separate parts of a glorious whole—the structure of Canada.

A Plain Talk

One with a rich nature does not require many material things for his happiness. Oftentimes it is good to be compelled to extract one's joy out of little things. It is that sort of test that proves to one's self what one's resources are.

The rich man may, by his great activity, keep from being unhappy. But the poor man is compelled by circumstances to find his heaven near at hand. He cannot rush hither and thither seeking it and by his rushing manage to hide from himself his hunger for a different and a better life. All lovers need when they create a perfect heaven are themselves and their love. And mere millions cannot buy that intangible, magical, wonder-creating thing.

It is not so bad to be poor in pocket so long as one is rich in spirit.

MANITOU LAKE 'PHONE SHAREHOLDERS SPECIAL MEETING AT MARSDEN

(Continued from Page One)

open vote had been taken as to where the most logical place was to move their Central Office. That meeting had decided in favor of Marsden, and this meeting of shareholders was being held to ratify this or otherwise.

It was moved by Mr. H. B. Polkinghorne, seconded by Mr. John A. Gordon, "That we move our Central Office to Marsden."

The reading of this resolution started a vigorous debate as to the merits of Marsden or Neilburg, both places having many supporters. Messrs M. Campbell, F. G. Harris, B. S. Brown, and C. Christensen holding that Neilburg.

For various reasons, was the right place to put their Central Office. Messrs Polkinghorne, G. A. Lawson, and J. A. Gordon led the Marsden group. An amendment was moved by Mr. F. G. Harris, seconded by Mr. B. S. Brown read "That we move our Central Office to Neilburg."

After a long discussion the Chairman put the amendment to the meeting.

Messrs John Bradley, and Harry Scott were appointed scrutineers.

The voting was as follows:

For the amendment 7

Against 38

When the resolution was put there was not a vote recorded against it. Now that it was decided where Central was going to, the following resolutions were carried by the shareholders.

Moved J. A. Gordon—11. B. Polkinghorne "That Central be moved as soon as possible, leaving the details in the hands of the Directors."

Moved Polkinghorne—G. A. Lawson "That moving Central, the Directors shall be empowered to make any extension, or construction, that they find can be made."

Polkinghorne—G. A. Lawson. "That this meeting go on record as desirous of organizing as large a Company as possible, and EXTENDS A CORDIAL INVITATION to all people living in unorganized territory and residents of NEILBURG to join the Manitou Lake Rural Telephone Company". The meeting then adjourned.

CHAUVIN SCHOOL TRUSTEES MEETING

(Continued from Page One)

The following accounts were read, and Mrs. Saul moved that same be paid, Carried—

Parcels & Foxwell 18.40

L. D. Albertanson, Jr. 75

B. N. Moyer Co. 1.85

Secretary then submitted a report of the progress made by the committee for the proposed Rural High School District, and stated that the following school districts had been invited to send representatives to a meeting, at which it was hoped that Inspector of School would be present to explain the details of the working of such a dis-

trict. Buteville, Buteville, Killarney, Edinburg, Airlie, New Ribstone Prosperity. The reason for the proposed school had been fully explained to each school district by a personal letter.

Secretary reported Assessment roll duly completed and all notices mailed.

The chairman then declared the meeting adjourned.

An estimate of the growth of the finger-nails is one thirty-second of an inch per week.

Shot your horses—with "Sur-Shot" One dose will eradicate the most obstinate worms.

"Botex" put up in capsules similar to Sur-Shot, can be bought in single doses either is satisfactory.

Price of Botex 40c per dose; Price of Sur-Shot \$2.25 per pkg of 4 doses at The Chauvin Pharmacy.

EDGERTON ECHOES

Wainwright was a veritable Mecca last week for loving swains and their sweethearts. Robert Leggett and Marie Connolly were one pair of matrimonial contractors, and Harry Johnson and Mary Thomas were the other pair that undertook to prove the old adage that two can live as cheaply as one.

Bert Smithson is presiding at the forge and anvil in the absence of Bobby Leggett, who is sojourning in the land of home-ness.

Warning: we have now reached the annual period of sulphur and molasses—old-time big noise in things medicinal. Spring is here, so get your nature ready.

The big well at the creamery is pretty near completed and as that was the only hindrance to their opening, they will soon see the steam fly.

It is well we did not write any 'Echoes' last week, else Chauvin Bumped results would have been crowded into a corner. Edgerton boys report a grand time.

We are sorry to say that the well on the farm that Dave Howatt bought was no good; and as that was the most important part of the farm, the realisation of the loss is doubly painful.

Isn't it funny when you stop to think how differently two skips will sell, for shots to build up an end.

Townes should aim to keep their hockey players in as good fettle as possible so that a visit from the rooky players will not place them in the sad plight of having no players for a return game.

John Murdoch has kept up his hockey reputation again this year in spite of the fact that he advanced to senior company. Good luck, John, and more power to your elbow. We are a little afraid that John will soon be lost to Edgerton.

Use "Kreco Dip" for spring time disinfectant and killing vermin on stock. The Chauvin Pharmacy.

PELICAN BRIEFS

Fred Heald was re-elected Councilor for Division 3 at the recent Municipal election in Merton district by a large majority over Herbert Woodruff the defeated candidate.

Cheer-up Herbert, remember W. J. Bryan still smiles.

H. B. Thomas who returned recently from Royal Alexander hospital Edmonton, is gaining ground steadily.

We are glad to hear George Morrow is better and hope to see him around soon.

Looks good to see Ben Hill about in old time form again.

The Whooping Cough epidemic is about ended here.

Anybody here seen Bill Shaver lately? Come Jack, where's his hiding place—our intentions are honest.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kessler and daughter Althea, of Heath, were among the guests who attended the wedding supper given at the Thomas home in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Johnson.

Now you see it—now you don't. This isn't a trick—just Gordy Roland.

Aleck Pickard has purchased the former Warrington home and moved it to his place on Thursday. Aleck likes plenty of room—and cheer

GROCERIES

Purity Flour	per 98 lb	3.50
Rolled Oats	per 20 lbs	.95
Rolled Oats	per 8 lbs	.45
Cream of Wheat	per 8 lbs	.35
Oatmeal	per 10 lbs	.55
Corn Starch	2 pkts for	.25
Sugar	20 lbs for	2.65
Bran Flakes	2 pkts for	.35
Norse Crown Herrings, pr tin		.25
Soused Mackerel	per tin	.30
Fresh Mackerel	per tin	.30
Pork and Beans	per tin	.15
Penick Syrup	per 10 lb tin	1.00
Penick Syrup	per 5 lb tin	.55

C. G. FORRYAN

CHAUVIN

ALBERTA

Dandy's Golden Star

And It's Meaning

(Continued from page Three)

ning of Nora Conroy's widowhood, she was off to the city when Danny's mother entered, their little cottage. She had been working as a typist for a year, and the rush and bustle, the badinage the movies and perhaps the cabarets at times were the breath of her life. She had worn mourning for only a short time after her husband was first reported missing. It did not become her.

Martha cleaned the breakfast dishes after her, fixed a crock of water for Padraic and took her sewing to a window in the front room. The wings of advancing spring stirred the scrim curtains filled with sunshine, rolling them softly in and out of the case

JUDICIAL SALE
OF FARM LANDS NEAR
CHAUVIN, ALBERTA

Pursuant to Judgment and final Order for Sale there will be offered for sale subject to the conditions and reservations expressed in the original grant from the Crown or in the existing Certificate of Title, and subject to all seed grain liens whether registered or not, of which particulars will be given at the time of sale, and subject to the taxes for the current year, and excepting mines and minerals, with the approbation of a Judge or Master of the Supreme Court of Alberta, Judicial District of Edmonton, by George P. Reynolds, Auctioneer, at the town of Chauvin, in the Province of Alberta, on Saturday the 22nd day of March 1924 at the hour of two o'clock the South-East Quarter of Section Fourteen (14) Township Forty-three (43) Range One (1) West of the Fourth Meridian in the Province of Alberta, containing by admeasurement One Hundred and fifty-eight (158) acres more or less, hereinafter described, and therefrom (if any) all mines and minerals.

The vendors are informed that the property is situated four and a half miles from Chauvin the nearest Village, which is also the nearest Depot and Post Office, 11-14 miles from Butte elevator the nearest Grain Elevator, 24 miles from the town of Airie School, the nearest school. The land is rolling and hilly, with about 60 acres of small scrub and poplar. The land is a rich dark loam, 11 inches deep, with clay sub-soil. Thirty acres have been cultivated. By clearing about 15 acres of scrub and poplar an additional 10 or 20 acres can be brought into cultivation. The cost of clearing and breaking this additional acreage would be about \$8. per acre. The balance of the quarter section is suitable only as pasture land. There is no well or water on the land. The land is all fenced with two wires but only the fences on the south and east sides belong to the land. There are no buildings on the land.

The sale is subject to a reserved bid which has been fixed by the Master. TERMS: Ten per cent of the purchase money is to be paid at the time of the sale and the remainder of the purchase money is to be paid into Court within sixty days without interest or in the alternative a deposit of ten per cent as aforesaid and a Mortgage may be granted for the years at per cent per annum and the balance of the purchase price to be paid into Court within sixty days without interest.

In other respects the terms, and conditions of sale will be the standing conditions of sale of the Supreme Court of Alberta as approved by the Master.

For further particulars apply to Messrs. Emory, Newell, Ford & Lind, Esq., Barristers, Edmonton, Alberta. Dated this 19th day of February 1924 R. P. WALLACE, C.B.C.

Approved: A. J. B., M.C.

ment like a soundless surr. Except for the little time she spared to visit the post office, her needles flashed there from early morning till dusk when it was time to bring the cow from pasture and milk and feed her, for she managed as if she were a girl of twenty with a light heart instead of a woman of sixty with a great grief.

At five o'clock in the afternoon she made herself a pot of tea and talked with Padraic. Sometimes she had a little cry, which brought relief to the pain in her mother's heart, Padraic pressing his muzzle in her hair, and sweeping the floor with his tail in a dumb effort to comfort her.

"He'll be coming home, Padraic," was her invariable conclusion as the evening light warmed her of the close of another day. "And you'll be darning across the fields and down the lane to jump up on him and kiss his dear face. That you will, Padraic."

She lay up the tea things and they left the house. The cow was lying in the distance. Overhead, the westering sun touched with purple and gold and pink a flock of little clouds sheep, bled against the fathomless blue of the sky. Under her feet wild violets peeped from the young grass and here and there the gold sparks of the first dandelions. Beyond her fair little field stretched the acres of Farmer Condy, half plowed. No twisting rather of smoke came from his chimney top above the shade trees. She could hear faintly the cheery whistle of Mr. Winkler's boy as he cared for the stock of the stricken man. The cow greeted her with a reproachful bellow.

"It's fine cow you are," she said to the mildly straining Jersey, as she milked up the iron stake and, carrying as lightly as though it were a stick of kindling, walked beside her charge with Padraic at her heels. In all her sorrows and all the bitterness of her daughter-in-law's treatment of her, her Irish humor never quite failed to come to her aid. "So I'll just give you a kiss when we get to the shed and rob you, which is the way of God—and the way of men. And then by the time you've been kissed and robbed, dearie, Nora will be home with enough paint and powder on her face to suit any man with an eye for a pretty widow. Then she'll kiss me and rob me of the insurance money she owes me, not it, if I decide to take it and after that Michael Halloran will in turn kiss her and rob her of it if he can. So it goes."

The stars were twinkling between the little clouds when she took the pail of milk to the kitchen and strained it. The lamp in the front room was lighted and the little place rang with the laughter of her daughter-in-law. "She's brought him home with her," she muttered.

Her cheerfulness forced at best, departed her. A great dry lump formed in her withered yellow throat and she knitted her work-worn fingers together before her as she struggled to keep back the tears. It didn't seem decent, this carrying on with Michael Halloran while Danny's star shone so brightly and freshly on the Honor Roll. Now, she could safely marry him and she would. Michael would take her Danny's wife and the little house he had worked so hard for, the pasture land so sweet in the springtime, his flocks of chickens and his cow and, perhaps, the very clothes of the dead, all folded away so carefully in his bureau.

She mastered her emotion, put on a clean apron and went to the front room. Her daughter-in-law, a pretty woman of twenty-two, was seated in her lover's lap her little feet cocked up to the level of the sofa, fires of excitement marking her features where the cosmetics had not been laid on thickly. Her black hair had become unfaded and descended to her shoulders like night falling upon snow-dusted hills. Michael, a whale of a youth with a roving blue eye and weak lip's made no effort to release himself

of his burden. Mrs. Conroy drew "Congratulate us mother," laughed Nora. "On what?" she asked weakly. "We've been married."

He nodded, but the sadness in her face must have stirred thoughts of his own mother for he lifted Nora from his knees to a seat beside him and poured out a torrent of assurances that the future was bright and rosy for them all.

"Next Monday," he fairly shouted "I'll be going to work for the railroad. The job is positively promised and he has made good wages now. The first pay will come the next week and then we'll have the wedding party. "We're going to have a lot of boys and girls in for a little dance," added Nora.

"But that's Easter week," Martha reminded them.

The two stared at her blankly. She was a kill-joy.

"Oh, but we've already invited the party," cried Nana. "We can't change the date now, can we?"

"And the dance will be here? And you'll have music too?"

"Sure we'll have music," answered Michael. "Finnegan's jazz band will be here."

"Not during Holy Week," pleaded Martha.

"But we've already invited everybody. Nora scowled at her mother-in-law, and Michael drew down a corner of his mouth in disgust at such a colloquy.

Martha knew it was hopeless to argue with them. They were young and in love, or thought they were. She turned her sewing things from the table by the window. "I have a lot of work to do for Mrs. Graham," she apologized as she started for the kitchen, her brimming eyes averted.

"But we haven't had any supper," protested Nora.

"Supper?" The poor soul seemed dazed. "Supper? Oh, I clear forgot about it. But I've got so much to do. Nora. Could you and Michael go to the restaurant in the village this evening? I'll be lending you the money, dear." She slipped her hand down in her rusty black waist and drew forth a shabby little pocketbook. "Here's three dollars. Will that be enough?" Nora took it.

"And I have three dollars myself," laughed Michael Halloran. "Come on, Nora. Clap on your hat. I'm starved."

Michael's job on the railroad did not materialize. It was just as well, he explained, for the men were talking of going on strike before long. In the meanwhile he would make very good wages working for a friend in the village who kept a pool room and "speak easy."

Martha's egg and milk money paid for the wedding dance. The cottage rang with the shrieks of the company. Finnegan's jazz band consisted of a cornet two banjos, a fiddle and drums and cymbals, played more wildly as the night advanced. The windows were thrown open and the riot of sound stirred from the sweet spring evening. At midnight a neighbor came to inform them that Farmer Condy had been brought home from the hospital so that he might die in his own bed. The company paused to eat and drink and then put death aside again for the dance.

In the kitchen Padraic stood beside his mistress as she covered in the corner. A ridge of hair stood up straight from his spine and his muscles were taut. Occasionally his long white fangs would gleam in the dull light of the oil lamp on the table. Again the neighbor came. He was sent away with a volley of curses. Martha protested and the guests began to leave. When the last couple had departed Nora entered the kitchen, her cheeks flaming, her black hair streaked about her face, wet with perspiration. "You're a fine one," she panted, "driving off my friends."

(Continued from page seven)

MORTGAGE SALE
OF FARM PROPERTY

NEAR EDGERTON, ALBERTA

Pursuant to the Judgment and Final Order for Sale there will be offered for sale by E. St. J. McEgan, Auctioneer, at the Post Office of Edgerton in the Province of Alberta on Monday the 17th day of March 1924, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon.

The North West Quarter of Section Thirteen (13), Township Forty-one (41), Range (4), West of the Fourth Meridian in the Province of Alberta, subject to the reservations and exceptions expressed and contained in the original Grant from the Crown and in the existing Certificate of Title, containing 160 acres more or less.

The Vendor is informed that the said lands are situated about 144 miles from Edgerton on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and at which point there are grain elevators; and about two miles from Delcy Post Office and about 24 miles from a school.

That the soil is a dark loam 9 to 11 inches deep with a clay subsoil and that about 88 acres are under cultivation, and that about 20 acres additional can be brought under cultivation, the remainder being suitable

for pasture land and hay.

That there is a dwelling on the said lands 16 x 15 with a shingled roof and a frame granary 12 x 14.

That the property will be sold subject to a reserve bid and to the taxes for the year 1923.

That the terms of payment are ten per cent cash on the day of sale and the balance within sixty days thereafter without interest, or the purchaser shall pay ten per cent of the purchase price at the time of sale and shall execute a mortgage for the sum of \$400.00 in favor of the Plaintiff for three years, repayable with interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum in three equal annual payments on the 1st day of April in each of the years 1925, 1926 and 1927 and the purchaser shall pay the balance of the purchase price into Court.

In other respects the standing condition of sale of the Supreme Court of Alberta as approved by the Master will govern.

Further particulars may be had from

J. A. MacKenzie, Barrister
Chauvin, Alberta
Solicitor for the Plaintiff

Approved: H. C. T.

J. L. S. C.

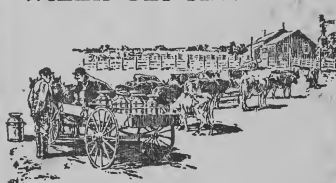
J. A. ROSS,

D. C. S. C.

SPORT HATS & HOSIERY

Ladies Spring Sport Hats, Combination
Color in Cloth \$3.00
Fine Grey Cloth Sport Hats, New
Style, Embroidered 3.50
Ladies Cotton Sport Hats, in various
colors with Black Patent Bands ... 1.35
Golf Hosiery for Boys and Girls
in heather mixtures 1.00

Chauvin Mercantile Ltd.
J. L. ROY, Manager CHAUVIN, ALBERTA

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It is the aim of the Bank of Montreal to serve willingly in little things as well as large—to be generally helpful to its customers regardless of the size and extent of their dealings with the Bank.

For years the Bank of Montreal has co-operated with its customers, assisting in various ways in matters of finance and business.



If you require information or any other banking service, you have merely to write or call

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(Manager) CHAUVIN BRANCH
J. CUTHBERTSON
(Manager) EDGERTON BRANCH

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817

Edinglassie U. F. A.

The next meeting of the Edinglassie U.F.A. will be held on March 26th at 8 o'clock p.m. in Edinglassie School when business of importance will be discussed. Every member is requested to make a special effort to be present.

The Edinglassie U.F.A. will hold a dance in Edinglassie School on Friday, March 14th. Everybody welcome. Cents 75c. Ladies please bring baskets.

SHERLOCK LAKE S. D. NO. 3572

Tenders

Staled tenders will be received by the undersigned until February 23rd 1924 for the conveyance of pupils to and from Stannore school from April 1st to November 23th, inclusive.

A covered rig similar to the one used last year required.

The teamster to be reliable and of legal age.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

S. R. SWINDELL, Secretary

Notice

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Notice is hereby given to parties making statements, direct or implied, detrimental to the character and financial standing of the undersigned, that action will be taken without further notice, upon any repetition of these statements.

Mr. H. MOLVEY
Mrs. MOLVEY

**RURAL MUNICIPALITY OF
MANITOULAKE NO. 442****Notice To Ratepayers**

The above Rural Municipality is now doing banking business solely in Maraden, with the bank of Commerce and you are asked to note that cheques made payable to the Municipality from other Banks should bear additional amounts as exchange and at the following rates.

Cheques to \$50.0015
Cheques \$51.00 to \$100.0025
Cheques over \$100.00 % of 1 per cent of cheque total.

Remittances may also be made by postal note or Canadian Money Order payable at Maraden post office.

If receipt is desired direct the cheque should be "accepted" by the bank upon which it is drawn. If not "accepted" the receipt will be forwarded to the bank with the cheque.

J. Bradley,
Secretary-Treasurer
Maraden, Sask.

Est. More Bread-Fisher's Bakery

PRACTICE ECONOMY

By Getting First Class

HAM & BACON

at a reasonable price from

MAISS, Ribstone, Alta

Phone R215

**SUCCESSFUL SEED
AND POULTRY SHOW
HELD AT CHAUVIN**

(Continued from Page One)

tered seed grain had a distinct advantage over all others. He recommended farmers to procure and use seed grain score cards in selecting their seed in order to ascertain with accuracy the qualities of the seed selected.

Referring to Marquiss wheat, he told how it, in common with some other varieties of dual parentage, tended to revert to the original families from whence it was derived. He advised those intending to try Marquiss to obtain the variety known as P.10.

The conclusion of his speech was marked by a hearty round of applause.

The sweepstake for wheat was won by E. A. Pitman with an excellent showing of registered Marquiss wheat. Mr. Pitman also made a clean-up with Triumph and registered Marquiss.

Mr. Cubitt, our genial elevator man and farmer gained first prize for Marquiss from seed obtained from J. Tooth and grown from registered stock.

V. Mew and H. Foreman each had a good showing of Marquiss wheat.

L. Fahnner led the way in Red Fife with a fine pump seed, sample, with C. J. Smith a close second for the honor.

The greater number of prizes for wheat having been won by a man of St. George. Jeff Swan stood for the honor of St. Andrew by winning the second for Kitchener with a very choice sample.

V. Mew secured the first for a long at variety with P. H. Perry and L. Fahnner close up for second and third.

The balance of the prizes for oats were all corralled by E. A. Pitman, who won the sweepstake with his registered Victory Oats.

L. Fahnner was to the front in the barley class in which E. A. Pitman added another to his already long string of prizes.

Six prizes for barred Plymouth Rocks were won by birds from the J. A. Craddock flock with L. Fahnner's flock picking up the remaining three prizes.

We are glad to note that two of the young ladies of the district were among the prize winners in the Wyandotte Classes. The competition here was very keen and Miss Winnie Royce and Miss Thea Armour are to be congratulated.

Five prizes for Wyandottes were won by the Pitman flock, two by the P. H. Perry flock and one by L. Fahnner's.

W. Johnston gained a second and third prize with Partridge Wyandottes.

Eight awards were given the H. Foreman flock of Orpingtons, with two others going to Mrs. G. L. Richardson.

L. Fahnner and P. H. Perry won sweepstake for male and female Orpingtons, respectively.

R. Page gained first prize for fax with a sample of fine large kernels.

Mrs. A. McSpornan captured two prizes with her turkeys, and Mrs. G. L. Richardson and Mrs. T. H. Smith one each.

Gold Coin potatoes exhibited by E. A. Pitman won the Sweepstake. Four other spud prizes also going to Pitman. Messrs P. H. Perry, R. Page, and C. J. Smith each carrying home two. Mr. W. Petrie and Mesdames A. McSpornan and G. L. Richardson one apiece.

Judging from the prize list we have some really first class farm women in our midst.

LIST OF PRIZEWINNERS**WHEAT****MARQUISS**

2 1 W. Cubitt; 2 V. Mew; 3 H. Foreman.

RED FIFE

1 L. Fahnner; 2 C. J. Smith.

KITCHENER

1 E. A. Pitman; 2 Jeff Swan.

A. O. V. (TRIUMPH)

1 E. A. Pitman.

REGISTERED MARQUISS

1 E. A. Pitman.

Sweepstake: E. A. Pitman.**OATS****LONG**

1 V. Mew; 2 P. H. Perry; 3 L. Fahnner.

SHORT

1 E. A. Pitman.

REGISTERED OATS (VICTORY)

1 E. A. Pitman.

Sweepstake: E. A. Pitman.

BARLEY

1 & 3 L. Fahnner; 2 E. A. Pitman.

FLAX

1 & 2 R. Page.

POULTRY**BARRED ROCKS**

Cockerel: 1 & 3 J. A. Craddock;

2 L. Fahnner.

Pullets: 2 & 3 J. A. Craddock.

Cock: 1 L. Fahnner.

Hen: 2 J. A. Craddock; 3 L. Fahnner.

Pen: 3 J. A. Craddock.

WHITE WYANDOTTES

Cockerel: 1 L. Fahnner; 2 Miss Royce; 3 Miss Thea Armour.

Pullet: 1 & 2 E. A. Pitman; 3 P. H. Perry.

Hen: 1 P. H. Perry; 2 & 3 E. A. Pitman.

Pen: (Cock and Hen) 3 P. H. Perry

Pen: (Cockerel and Pullet) 1 Miss Winnie Royce; 2 E. A. Pitman.

PARTRIDGE WYANDOTTES

1 & 2 & 3 W. Johnston.

ORPINGTON

Hens 1 & 2 & 3 H. Foreman

Cockerel: 1 & 2 H. Foreman

Pullets: 1 & 2 & 3 H. Foreman

Cock: Mrs. G. L. Richardson.

Hen: 2 Mrs. G. L. Richardson.

Male Sweepstake L. Fahnner.

Female Sweepstake P. H. Perry.

TURKEYS

Old: 1 & 2 Mrs. A. McSpornan;

3 C. J. Smith.

Young: 1 Mrs. G. L. Richardson.

POTATOES**WEE MACGREGOR**

1 E. A. Pitman; 2 W. Petrie; 3 L. Fahnner.

IRISH COBBLER

1 E. A. Pitman; 2 & 3 Mrs. A. McSpornan.

EARLY BOVES

1 P. H. Perry.

GOLD COIN

1 E. A. Pitman; 2 R. Page.

EARLY OHIO

1 E. A. Pitman; 2 R. Page.

BURBANKS

1 Mrs. G. L. Richardson; 2 C. J. Smith.

A. O. V.

1 H. Foreman; 2 P. H. Perry; 3 C. J. Smith.

Sweepstake: E. A. Pitman (with Gold Coin).

EGGS

1 & 4 L. Fahnner; 2 & 3 Mrs. A. McSpornan; 5 P. H. Perry.

BEAN COMPETITION

1 John Murray; 2 bushels Victory Oats (EBiglands Strain).

2 G. L. Shant—2 bushels Registered

Earley 6 poked 2 1 O.A.C. etc.

**ANNIVERSARY SERVICE
KNOX CHURCH, RIBSTONE**

(Continued from Page One)

past four years. Mr. Mitchell in thanking the congregation for their appreciation of his services, said in visiting the sick God always kept his blessings running over the fountain head that both receiver and giver were refreshed. The business being concluded the meeting was closed with prayer.

The newly elected board then met and appointed J. F. Russell as chairman and J. F. Heaman Secretary-Treasurer.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The ladies Aid of the Knox church will meet in the Municipal Hall, Saturday March 15th at 2.30 p.m. On that date they will have a sale of home cooking, afternoon tea will also be served.

Hot Supper and entertainment at the Knox church, Ribstone March 21. Further particulars will be published later.

W.L.A. NOTES

The regular monthly meeting of the Westminister Ladies Auxiliary will be held on Thursday March 13th at 3 p.m. at the home of Mrs. Monjoy.

TIRED OF WAITING

Mary, aged four, paying a visit to a friend with her mother, who is of a talkative nature, got tired and began to inquire about going home.

Mother, wishing to impress the essentials of good manners, rebuked her and said, "It is very rude to interrupt while I am speaking; you should wait until I have finished."

"But," said Mary reproachfully "you don't finish."

MARCH WINDS

March winds and sun have a destructive effect on the delicate skin of the face. To neglect those ravages of our dry, harsh climate means that the skin becomes permanently coarse and rough. The skin naturally adapting itself to what it has got to face. To remedy—and it is simple—use a good reliable face cream with a touch of talcum or face powder after wards. Any of the following face creams are good and can be relied upon.

Nyalis Vanishing Cream; Jontell cold and combination creams; Day Dream cold and powder creams; Arrola cold and vanishing creams; Bronccilla cold and vanishing creams; Pampella cold and vanishing creams; Palfords cold and vanishing creams.

And many others. Note for this time of year, a cold cream (containing oils and fats) is better than a vanishing cream, but a vanishing cream is much better than nothing.

As regards price we may say all above mentioned creams we sell at regular advertised prices which are in most cases 50c, some running as high as 75c.

Tha Chauvin Pharmacy

Doctor: "How about that bill of mine?"

"Why, doctor, only a little while before you sent it to me, you told me not to let anything worry me, and I haven't."

**Gristing
MONDAY TO FRIDAY****Chopping
SATURDAY****CHAUVIN
DISTRICT
FLOUR MILL**

Sell anybody anywhere anytime

**HAROLD HUXLEY
AUCTIONEER
LLOYDMINSTER**

Before listing sales—write me
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Phone 62, or 88, Lloydminster

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Drop in and Let Us Talk It Over

O. HAWTHORN, Agent
CHAUVIN

CANADIAN NATIONAL
RAILWAYS

**BARN
PRICES**

TEAM HAY	each feed	.40
" HAY (overnight)	2 feeds	1.00
" STALL		.25
" STALL (overnight)		.75
" OATS	extra	.20
SINGLE OATS	extra	.41
" HAY		.25
" STALL		.15
DANCE		
TEAM HAY		.50
SINGLE HAY		.25
TEAM STALL		.35
SINGLE STALL		.20

TELEPHONE: BARN No. 9
Residence, No. 29

A.E.KEITH

Chauvin Alberta

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Passage
EARLY**

FOR THE

**British Empire
Exhibition**

And Ensure the
Accommodation You Wish
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Dandy's Golden Star And It's Meaning

(Continued from page five)

She paused to control the swelling flood of vituperation. Martha could hear Michael in the front room muttering to himself. When she had finished her abuse Nora lifted a plate and hurled it against the wall. Padraic uttered a snarling protest and crouched for a spring. With a shriek she dashed back through the door and closed it.

"That dog'll kill me! He'll kill me!" she cried. "He started to jump on me!"

"I'll fix him!" Martha heard the threat from Michael, heard him staggering about the front room in search of a weapon, and then Nora tearing at a little desk in which they kept a pistol.

Martha locked the door and barricaded it with the table. "God in heaven, they don't know what they're

doing!" she whispered to herself. "Let out that dog!" ordered Michael. She did not answer. "Let that dog out or I'll fire through the door!" Murder was in the air, Padraic's great ivorys were all bared, his yellow eyes fastened on the door.

"Michael!" called Martha. "Don't shoot. Please don't shoot. It's the drink's got you. Don't Michael." "Let that dog out, I tell ya!" "Michael, it's Good Friday. It's Good Friday, Michael, with the Saviour good and bad. Don't—"

Pang!

Martha's hand went to her temple, and she felt a crisp place in her white hair where the bullet had signed it. Her thought was that Danny's letter would come to late. Then her stout heart held her for another and final struggle. She found a heavy piece of twine, made it fast to the dog's collar and slipped with him out of the back door, through the little piece of land she had spaded up for her kitchen garden, and to the cowshed.

There was the caress of coming morning in the air. The sky was a field of dusted silver and widely cast gems of gold. Toward the east, the morning star shone with steady light, as big, it seemed to her, as the gilt star on the Honor Roll. She stood a long time gazing at it as the noises within the cottage died down and blessed silence came again to the house and land her Danny's sober industry had given her. Padraic rubbed against her skirt and the cow in the stall lowed to her.

Until the dawn began to creep into the heavens she stood and prayed her simple but sublime faith never

wavering, confident that at last her voice would reach God, that it would find a little rift through angelic choirs and through the never-ending diapason that began swelling from earth to heaven when the heart of a mother was first wrung with sorrow or elated with the joy of her mission; confident that He would hear her call as the prophets of old had promised He would, and that He would give her of His compassion.

The great star was lost in the days birth. She turned into the cowshed and, with Padraic beside her, lay down in some clean straw and slept.

The birds in the caves of the cowshed had almost ended their matins heralding the eve of Easter when Martha awakened; the sun was well up over the distant; low-lying hills; the crystal morning air was filled with music. She shook wisps of straw from her white hair and rubbed her face, finding it wet. She had cried in her sleep.

The horror of the night before returned to her, but Biddy was restless. A clean pail was read where she had left it the night before and she milked the cow, taking a good drink of the warm, life-giving fluid and giving a drink to Padraic. Then she took Biddy to pasture and fed and watered the chickens.

Her waist and skirt were creased and rumpled, but she feared to enter the cottage and made the best toilet she could in her refuge, reminding herself that it was in a stable that He who had risen from the tomb was born.

From the sun she guessed it to be nearing nine o'clock. The mail train must have come and gone. It was the first time she had failed to hear its warning whistle and distance-mellowed clangor since Danny went away. Perhaps the end of her agony had come, the last bitter trial of her soul been suffered.

Easter miracle was transpiring. All about her she could feel life stirring, life after the dead winter: tree trunk and bough trembled with it; leaves were sorting and singing their lowliest songs of the year. Perhaps waiting for her at the post office, there would be the letter telling her that her Danny, too, had risen from the dead. Lavinia Allen would give it to her, and she hurry away to a quiet corner and spell out each word over and over again, or perhaps she had better take it to Mr. Graham, the law yer and let him read it first to himself and then to her so that her heart might not stop beating from sheer happiness.

Never once did she think of the more than a thousand disappointments of the past. With Padraic at her heels she made a wide detour of the house, hurried through the lane and struck the main road to the village. In the warm sunshine her heart became light and her steps quickened. At times she would run a few steps, Padraic leaping in the air ahead of her and barking furiously. Paint roses came to her wrinkled cheeks, and she forgot entirely that she was out without a bonnet and that the villagers might wonder at her untidiness at such a season of happiness and fine rainment. Martha gave a quick glance at the Honor Roll. The sun made Danny's star seem almost as brilliant as the one she has prayed to before dawn. Across the tracks she saw Mr. Graham get out of his buggy and enter the post office. She hurried on. Padraic, ahead of her, suddenly stopped and threw up his long muzzle, sniffing the air. "If Danny's letter has come this time," she told herself, "Padraic has got his scent from it!"

Graham met her as he was leaving the post office. His hands full of letters and papers. The dog leaped upon him barking furiously and almost throwing him off his feet.

"Mr. Conly died during the night," he told her, "and it's the time he was stricken no one thought of getting his will for him. Maybe Padraic got down."

As she seized the brute by the collar, he noticed the absence of her bonnet and a bit of straw clinging to her hair.

"What's the matter, Mother Conroy he asked."

Holding fast to the dog she looked up at the lawyer and, finding herself unable to frame an excuse for her appearance, answered him only with the distress that showed in her eyes.

"They turned you out, did they?" he demanded, his good-natured face flaming with anger. "I know they did, and this thing has got to stop, I tell you. I'll have the law turn them out if I can. Come upstairs with me."

"But my—my letter," she stammered. "Graham turned and called in to Miss Allen. "Anything fair Mother Conroy today?"

"Nothing, Mr. Graham," called back Miss Allen.

"Poor Miss Lavinia!" he muttered as they made their way up the stairs of the building adjoining. "She's too nervous for that job. I get half of Gorman's mail, and he gets half of Graham's."

"Mr. Graham!" Martha's voice sounded weakly. They were entering the lawyers' office. The pallor of her face frightened him.

"Take this chair, you're not well," he said, making her sit beside the desk on which he dropped his mail. "I was thinking," she began with trembling lips and eyes rapidly filling with tears, "that she might have lost my letter." Her voice broke into a sob. "But God wouldn't be that unkind to a poor old mother."

All her courage and optimism were gone and the bitter tears of a bewildered old woman flowed freely. Graham sat waiting for her to quiet down running lightly through the mail of his late client, Farmer Conly, and pushing the frantic Padraic's paws from his desk. He laid aside a letter for Connelly, put in the Conly box by mistake, and then paused to study the address on the next. His hand trembled, and he turned and looked upon the bowed white head beside him for a moment. Then he took Padraic by the collar and threw him out into the hall and closed and locked the door.

"Martha," he said softly, "look up. Here is your letter. Shall I read it?" She did not seem to understand. "I found it in Mr. Conly's mail. Shall I read it for you?"

She did not answer, and so he took her hands from her face and put them in their place.

"See, it is from Ireland," he said. "It is Danny's handwriting." She nodded. "Shall I read it for you?" She nodded again.

As he took the letter and opened it she clasped her knotted fingers in window shone upon her face. It was as placid as a pool in a glen and irradiated the holy beauty one may see on the countenance of a child at the altar rail, Graham read:

"Dear mother: I was lost for a long

time, but am all right. I must have swum by myself to North Aran Island, for I found myself there among the help burners and fishermen. They didn't know anything about our being torpedoes, and it took me a long time to remember it after I got over the sickness. My name was lost. I wasn't until I got to the mainland in County Donegal and began hunting

(Continued on page eight)



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ALL C. P. R. LANDS are now being sold under the new 34 year terms, equal payments of principal and interest combined. First payment amounting to seven per cent of the purchase price. All enquiries as to prices etc., will be given prompt attention.

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4 ROOM BUNGALOW, with concrete basement well built and plastered. Barn or large garage at back. Situated in the village of Chauvin on two 25 x 140 ft. lots. This house is absolutely new and is a snap. For terms etc. See

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PARCELS & FOXWELL, Chauvin

Dandy's Golden Star

And It's Meaning

(Continued from page seven)
for work that the old names you used to mention so often began to set me on the right track.

"There was plenty of work in the linen mills because of the war, and the family I lived with never stopped asking me about America, for they could tell from the way I talked where I had come from."

"Graham turned the closely written page. Martha found her voice. 'The blessed old the blessed lady' she murmured.

"They said I looked like the O'Donnells of Ballyshannon, and old Senatus O'Donnell, who made a lot of money with his knitting mill doing government work came to see me. It was from him that I got my right name and address."

"My brother Scumans," she half-whispered, for she seemed in a dream. "He says for you to take the next boat, for he is getting old and hasn't a soul to leave his pot of gold to I was starting back right away or sending a cable but he said, No, because he would need me to help him run the mill and need you at home. Besides, it you had given me up for dead, the cable would be too sudden."

Graham panned and glanced to Martha's face. It was as if cut in ivory. The sunshine in her hair made it a halo of silver. Her eyes held a rapt expression, as if they were beholding things not of mortal ken.

"I'll send your brother a cable this morning," he said softly. He repeated it, but she gave no sign of having heard him. Then he resumed reading: "I know it was your prayers that saved me. I could hear them even during the long sickness on North Aran, and could hear them through the noise of the mill as I worked. I dreamed that you were calling me, and that Nora was beating you with a stick. If she has been cruel to you let her have the place, tell her nothing and take the next ship. If Padraic is living, bring him with you. With a heart full of love, dear mother, and thanks to God for His mercy,

Your loving son,

DANNY.

Graham detached a check of a hundred dollars, pinned to the last sheet of the letter, and placed it in her lap. "God has made you a fine Estar gift Mother Conny," he said.

Her hands lifted and reached out to one of his. She pressed it against her cheek and her tears fell upon it. "I know 'He' hear me," she sobbed. "He's the only friend the old mother has left. It's His own gold stars in heaven that will guide them to their brave lads."

ST. ANDREWS SOCIETY

CONCERT AND DANCE

A Scotch night for Scotch folks will be held on Friday March 7th, under the auspices of the St. Andrews Society. All Scotch folks eligible in the case of couples, either the lady or gentleman must be of Scotch descent. Proceedings will take the form of a concert consisting of Scotch songs and readings, followed by Scotch dancing. Lunch will be served during the evening, all ladies are requested to bring a contribution of Scotch baking to help with the lunch. Entrance: Adults 25c; Children 25c; children under 12 years free.

N.B. Only members of St. Andrews Society admitted—tickets on sale at the door.

SPECIAL NOTE

The Rev. Cpt. McCull of St. Pauls Presbyterian Church Calgary will address the meeting.

Beauty attracts us; wit charms us but kindness of heart holds us.

"How can I keep my toes from going to sleep?"

"Don't let them turn in."

SOUTHERN MINSTRELS
CONCERT AT RIBSTONE

For the eighth year in succession the Ribstone Athletic Association minstrels with the "Southern Belles" have held a successful concert. This last one being a worthy successor to its excellent predecessors was held at the Municipal Hall last Tuesday evening before a crowded house. Many from surrounding districts helping to swell the number of the audience.

The Olio opened the program with some of plantation days in which the entire company appeared, the musical offerings and massed chorus songs being keenly appreciated. Interpersed throughout the program were numerous jokes, many of them being of a local character. W. Clasper acting as interlocutor with considerable dramatic skill.

Other items on the program included:

"Whose Black Baby are You?" N. Wilde.

"Waer Melon time' in Tennessee" E. Dell.

"Shuffling Along" N. Etson.

"My Coal Black Lady" J. Stringer.

"Bag on Old Bangs" Miss G. Mills.

"Kiss Me Honey Do" Miss J. Price.

"Honey if You Only Knew" Miss H. Price.

"Just Because I'm Black" Miss B. McKay.

"Can't You Hear Me Callin'" Donal Martin.

"Swiss Lane" A. Wilde.

Monologue by E. Atkins.

After the program followed a dance at which a buffet lunch was served at midnight. Music was supplied by the Chauvin Orchestra whose delightful selections entertained the dancers until time for the morning train.

The total receipts were \$119.00 being subject to the amusement tax, which has been duly paid.

FRAM COMMUNITY CLUB

A concert and dance will be held in Fram School on Friday, March 14th, commencing at 7.30 p.m. Admission 25c. Ladies not bringing baskets will be charged. A good program, a good dance a good time.

MANITOU LAKE LADIES AID

The ladies of the above Aid intend holding a dance in Brady School on the 17th of "Old Ireland" at 8 o'clock also a whist drive and dance on Friday, March 28th. Six prizes, good music and Ed Foley as floor manager guarantees a good time. Admission 50c. Ladies not bringing baskets will be charged.

DELICIOUS BREAD MADE
BY CHAUVIN MILLER: HIS
OWN FROM SEED TO OVEN

The Chauvin Chronicle staff were presented with a baking of choice white bread last week by the Chauvin miller Mr. G. Shantz. Needless to say we have eaten the same and are in position to pass an opinion thereon. The great interest in this bread lay in the fact that the miller produced it from the seed what all the way to the finished product. That he sowed it on land of his own cultivation, harvested, threshed and milled it into flour. As if that was not sufficient he then set to and made the bread himself.

The bread was of a slightly darker color than that purchased from the baker. It was light in texture and sweet in flavor, and certainly more satisfying as a food than is the custom of bread placed on the market.

LOCAL NOTES OF INTEREST

The passing winter is unique because we have been able to use automobiles on the rural trails each month.

The inspector paid his official visit to the Chauvin schools yesterday.

LOCAL NOTES OF INTEREST

Mr. T. H. Smith has returned from his winter's trip to Ontario. We are glad to note that he looks fully ten years younger.

Mr. Guthrie Calder has been promoted to foreman. He left for Yonker Saturday morning where his new duties are located.

Mr. L. Leach is now at Dodsland on relief duty.

Mr. E. R. Tobey comes to us from Trail to act as assistant agent at the railway depot. He relieves Mr. F. Hare who has left for Winnipeg.

Mrs. O. Hawthorn has returned from a short visit to Saskatoon.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Armour were visitors to Edmonton. Mrs. Armour attending the Fair Association meeting and being re-elected as a director of that organization.

Mr. and Mrs. Young are visiting Edmonton. Mr. Young attending the Fair Association meeting as a delegate from the Chauvin Agricultural Society.

Today being Ash Wednesday the pupils of the Chauvin schools are enjoying an holiday.

George Reynolds has received a card of new Ford cars.

St. Patrick's day will be observed in Chauvin by a concert and dance under the auspices of the Chauvin G.W.V.A. A feature on the program is a debate "Eastern route vs. West-coast route as outlet for western Canada Grain" for further particulars see posters.

Special in Neilson's Club Chocolates—35c per lb. The Chauvin Pharmacy

COMING AUCTION SALE

Six head of horses, a full line of farm machinery, tools and household goods will be sold by auction at the E.E. 17-45-two, two miles north and one east of Prospect Valley school. The sale will commence at one o'clock sharp. Terms will be given over twenty-five dollars. E. P. Payne, Owner. George Reynolds, Auctioneer.

CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE: OR TRADE, 2 REGISTERED Aberdeen Angus Bull Calves. E. A. Pitman, Chauvin.

FOR SALE: MANDOLIN, OR WILD, exchange for violin. Apply Chauvin Chronicle.

STRAYED: FROM FOLEY'S CAMP, Marden. Sask. One Shire Mare, Sorrel. Bald Face. 1500 lb. F. Scissor born on right hip. Reward for return \$10.00.

FOR SALE: FARM, 4 MILES South of Ribstone, quarter section, sixty acres broken, 35 acres to break balance pasture, all is fenced, house 13x18, two stories, one granary 12x16, sod shelter for forty head of stock, other out-buildings, one-half mile from school. \$500 half-cash, or \$400 all cash. Apply to Oliver Young Ribstone, Alberta.

STRAYED TO MY PREMISES: early this winter 3 Spring Calves, heifers, one all black, one red with white face, one red and white spotted. No visible brand. Owner please claim. Mrs. James Morrison, Ribstone, Alta.

FOR RENT: E/2 2-431-4th, THE property of the late John Wright. Tennant to reside on premises Apply Dr. Polkins, Chauvin.

FOR SALE: A GOOD QUARTER OF land, 4 miles from Ribstone. Would trade for good horses. C. G. Erickson, Jundina, Alberta. 8p

FOR SALE: REGISTERED CLYDESDALE Station Colt, coming two years old in July. Poaled by May Blossom. Sired by Prince Pimick. S-s-h-o-p-h-e-r, 3 miles N.W. of Arthard.

FOR SALE: REGISTERED VICTORY Seta Oats, Bigland's Strain, 60c per bushel, cleaned. Registered O. O. C. 21 Barley 60c per bushel cleaned. Victory Oats, uncleaned, 50c per bushel; Banner Oats, uncleaned 48c per bushel. Free from weeds. E. A. Pitman, Chauvin.

STRAYED TO MY PREMISES: ONE light Roan Heifer, 3 years old is branded Strawberry Plains—one—Owner please pay expenses E S and remove. J. Royce, Ribstone, Alta.

FOR SALE: Clear Title, SE Quarter 28-41-26-4th, 45 acres cultivated, good hay meadow, portable granary and shack, fenced balance easily cultivated, \$2000. Terms \$1500 cash, would consider good milch cows, machinery, or chickens as part payment. Apply Wm. Good, 9513 90th. Ave. Edmonton.

FOR SALE: PROGRESSIVE EVERBLOOM Strawberry Plains—one and two years old. Black and Red Curran bushes.

Caragana, Laurel Willows, suitable for hedges. Apple, Russian Poplars, Green Ash etc. for windbreaks and shelter belts. Ornamental shrubs and climbers: Dutch Honey suckle, Virginia Creeper, thornbush, Box Elder, and St. Louis Raspberry canes, hardy stock. Send for price list. William Cargill, Chauvin.

STRAYED: ONE RED HEIFER Yearling, branded X on left hip, half circle cut from left ear. One Black Brindle Yearling Stear, No brand, top of left ear cut off. One red and white Heifer, 2 years old, no brand. Owner can have same by expenses. Nelson & Son, Ribstone.

WANTED: OATS: FARMERS WITH Oats in cartload lots can obtain best satisfaction by shipping to Mitchell Grain Co. Grain Exchange, Winnipeg. See daily prices at office of our local agent. D. R. SAUL, CHAUVIN.

FOUND, LADY'S MUFF ON TRAIL between Chauvin and Prosperity. Owner can recover same by applying to Chauvin Chronicle office.

Market Prices

11 p.m. Wednesday March 5th.	
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No. 1 Northern	79
No. Northern	76
No. 3, Northern	71
OATS	
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3 C.W. Barley	47
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2 C.W. Rye	48
FLAX	
1 N.W. Flax	1.95
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HORSES AND CATTLE BRANDED



are the property of Mr. H. G. Polkins, Chauvin, Alberta

CATTLE BRANDED



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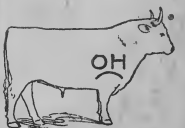
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